648 Tapirapé houses, covered with palm and
[342] "wild banana" leaves, a sturdy protection against heat, cold, and rain, are worth nothing in the eyes of those who own earthen walls. The language which they do not understand seems as ugly to them as all the strange customs seem ridiculous or horrifying, be they facial painting, masked dances, or the practices of the sorcerers--medicine men. This does not prevent them from being no less "primitive" than the Indians in certain aspects of their material culture. In Pôrto Velho, for example, a family from Conceição used a tree trunk with hollowed-out steps as a ladder, thus resembling in this respect the Oiampi [Oyampi] Indians of Guiana who reach their raised houses by similar contraptions.

726 Retreating before the White intruders with the transfer of Tampiitáua, the Tapirapé fell once more into the hands of that neighbor who has probably been for centuries the Number One enemy of their tribe. In 1935 they had already shown their fear openly at night, asking me not to let go of my revolver when I lay down in my net so as to be ready to defend them from the Kaiapó, who [142] had attacked and destroyed another village of theirs three years earlier and killed most of its inhabitants. When I reached Pôrto Velho last July, the same preoccupation had seized the frontiersmen. They spoke of the nearness of the Kaiapó in the same terms as it had been mentioned 12 years earlier in Tampiitáua. These rumors were confirmed by the presence of three families who had come from the plains near Conceição do Araguaia. They said that they had left it only out of fear of those Indians, who had killed seven persons in the previous year.

Unfortunately, the expected danger was not imaginary. A few weeks after our last visit, the Kaiapó attacked Tampiitáua. Details [115] of this tragic occurrence are related in a letter I received from Father [648] M. H. Lelong (1). In it we read that the village was sacked and burned [727]

1. Conceição do Araguaia, 11 October 1947
Dear Professor:

I am the Frenchman you met on the Araguaia as you went up from the Tapirapé toward Leopoldina.

I know how interested you were in this small group of attractive Indians, and thus, after arriving at Conceição the day before yesterday, I hasten to send you the news, which is very sad.

726 During the last days of August, Cayapo warriors--Gorotirés evidently--attacked the Tapirapé village while all the men were at Lake Tucunaré. Only the women, children, and the old man Camaraé were left. They killed two women and a young girl: Eiroa, wife of Tampiri, Amoou, wife of Perera, and Tamamãtchoa, and abducted a woman, a young girl, and a small boy: Iparénahí, wife of Camaraé, Amarai, daughter of Pereira, and Uãcuré, son of Eiroa (please excuse the transcription of these Tupy [Tupi] words). The old man shot his arrows, and the Cayapo "braves" fled after burning down two houses.

[648] Father Palha and I found the frightened population at Porto Velho, where they had sought

● 727 refuge, lacking everything, hungry, disheartened. In short, a heart-rending sight similar to what I have seen in Europe. We convinced the Tapirapés to go to their village. The women were afraid and tried to dissuade the men. Seven left with us, and four stuck it out to the end. We found this charming little village, which you were the last to visit along with Dr. Haroldo, savagely looted. We brought back the cudgels that were used in the slaughter. I shall describe them to you and give you many other details of this event. The Cayapos had returned that very morning to continue the looting. Unfortunately, we did not come upon them. We remained one day and one night. The three Tapirapés took up a load of cotton and flour (they have no more hammocks and suffer a great deal) and set fire to their village to prevent the enemy from utilizing it further. It was rather tragic. We

[166] returned to Porto Velho. They intend to settle a few leagues from São Joao. I saw the large

648 plots of these good, industrious, peaceful

648 people, and it is a pity. Ten armed men would suffice to clear the territory of these assassins, but no one does anything about it. I shall leave in three or four days for Maraba, where I shall catch the plane. I hope to proceed directly to São Paulo, where I shall promptly look you up to see whether it would be possible to obtain urgent help for these poor Tapirapés.

I hope to see you soon and send you, esteemed Professor, my sincerest regards.

(S) M. H. Lelong, O.P.

[Translated from French.]

648 727 and that the survivors sought refuge in Pôrto Velho, where they lack foodstuffs, sleeping hammocks, cotton to make new hammocks, agricultural tools, and kitchen implements (2).

2. I have omitted those parts of my report in which I emphasized the need to send help to the survivors. The man who saved them was Mr. Lucio Penna da Luz, who gave them shelter and food. In September, 1948, Mr. Harald [166] Schultz, Assistant in Ethnology at the São Paulo Museum, found the majority of them living in sheds at the São Pedro ranch, the property of Mr. Lucio, located on the right bank of the Tapirapé.

648 An urgent measure to be taken is the establishment of a post on the upper Tapirapé River. Up to now, the Indian post Heloisa Alberto Torres [143], located at the mouth of that river, was intended to protect the Tapirapé Indians. It turned out to be inadequate for the purpose because it was too far removed from the habitat of the tribe. On the other hand, as early as 1942, when I commented on the attempts to resettle the Tapirapé at that spot on the Araguaia, I called attention to the fact that "the immediate and continuous contact of these Indians with the most varied representatives of our civilization, which would be inevitable if the above-mentioned project were to be

Charles Wagley

To the Tapirapé, grief and anger are closely related emotions and there is one word, *iwúterahú*, that describes either or both states of mind. Thus in both word and deed grief can be quickly transformed into vengeful anger.

In 1953, when I returned to the Araguaia River, I found only fifty persons, the remnants of the Tapirapé tribe, settled under the protection of the Brazilian Indian Service in a small village near the mouth of the Tapirapé River. My old companion, Valentim Gomes, was the Indian officer in charge. The history of the intervening years had been a tragic story; the Tapirapé had suffered steady depopulation from imported diseases and they had been attacked by the warlike and hostile Kayapo tribe, who had burned their village and carried off several younger women. They had been forced to leave their own territory to seek the protection of the Indian Service, and then cattle ranchers encroached upon the Tapirapé savannas, once rich with game. Champukwi was but one of the many victims of this disintegration of Tapirapé society. Upon my arrival several of Champukwi's surviving relatives met me with the traditional "welcome of tears"; to the Tapirapé, such a return mixes emotions of joy at seeing an old friend with the sadness of the memory of those who have died during the interim. Both the sadness and the joy are expressed almost ritually by crying. People spoke sympathetically to me of the loss of my friend and they brought a young man, who had been but a small boy in 1940, but who was now known as Champukwi. This boy had visited for many months, and had even studied a little, with the Dominican missionaries on the lower Araguaia River; he therefore spoke Portuguese well. He remembered my friendship with his namesake and perhaps felt, as I did, some strange bond between us. So again for a few days the name of Champukwi was entered into my notebook as my source of information on Tapirapé culture.

In the security of our studies and in the classroom, we claim that anthropology is a social science in which regularities of human behavior and of social systems are studied. But, at its source, in the midst of the people with whom the anthropologist lives and works, field research involves the practice of an art in which emotions, subjective attitudes and reactions, and undoubtedly subconscious motivations participate. Of course, the well-trained anthropologist takes all possible precautions to be objective and to maintain a detached attitude. He gathers information from a "cross section" of